that the serenity which Dowden had detected in *The Tempest* should be looked for, and found, in *Antony and Cleopatra.* This serenity, the authors of a recent volume of Shakespearean criticism[23] contend, may clearly be attributed to the fact that Shakespeare had 'met a woman in whom his desire and affection could reunite,* thereby solving 'the sex problem of his own life/ Their only complaint is that his 'conclusions on sexual love are for us a little strained by his irritating insistence on pre-nuptial chastity.' With Dowden it was the other way round; pre-nuptial indulgence proved his stumbling-block. If Shakespeare fitted Freud like a glove, Marx presented some difficulty. The easiest course would have been to argue, like Mr. Wells, that since Shakespeare had formulated no ideas, made no contribution towards human progress, he was historically negligible. Elaborate productions of *Hamlet,* and even *Romeo and Juliet,* in Moscow, made such an attitude heretical, and Marxist critics were able to demonstrate that Romeo and Juliet were litmus paper registering the social current of their time*, and Caliban Shake-speare's contribution to the problem of colonial exploitation; that Shakespeare, 'standing on the watershed between medie-valism and capitalism . . . dealt with the relation between centrality of power and the confused rivalry of feudalist nobles ... was emotionally dominated by the contradictions of emerging capitalism.'[24]

The Shakespeare industry throve despite changing conditions; ideologues laboured upon him as once theologians had, and on several important occasions Mr. Neville Chamberlain took

his name not in vain. *Richard II* provided the *Daily Express* with a middle-article on the occasion of King Edward YIU's abdication, and *Coriolanus* cost the director of the Comedie Fran$aise his post. An expensive, all-star production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* directed by Mr. Max Reinhardt, proved popular, cinemas at which it was showing being fur-

[23] *The Voyage to Illyria* by Kenneth Muir and Sean O'Loughlin.

[34] See 'William. Shakespeare'. An essay by Jack Lindsay published in the *Left Review.*